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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

ANTHEM OF THE UNIVERSAL

One cosmic brotherhood,
One universal good,
  One source, one sway;
One law beholding us,
One purpose moulding us,
ONE GOD enfolding us,
  In love alway!

Anger, resentment, hate,
Long made us desolate;
  Their reign is done!
Race, color, creed and caste,
Fade in the dreamy past,
Man wakes to learn at last:
  All life is one!

Thou Who hast made us one
May earth's brief course be run
  In unity!
Teach us to think aright,
Make us to know Thy might,
Lead us within Thy light,
  All one with Thee!

—*Anon.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXIV THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1920 Number 18

SHEAF-OFFERING

Weary pilgrim, rest thy powers!
Nature hath her reaping hours;
Thou, so rich in memories stored,
Blend thine own with Nature's hoard.
Other milestones distant far,—
See thy last in yonder star!

Where the roseate doors of rest
Open in the deepening West,
O'er thy quarters for this night
Hesperus upholds his light;
And the folding dusk shall bring
Sleep to be thy covering.

Pain and toil, as partners here,
Mingle for remembrance dear.
Couldst thou sever this from these,
Rest were robbed of half her ease;
Could thy heart forget the cost,
Labor done were labor lost.

Pilgrim, in thine evening skies
Thou canst make no stars arise;
Yet may Time, on gentler stream,
Gather and reflect the gleam,
Where the widening ripples yield
Gleanings from an upland field.

In like fashion dost thou see
Earth attain tranquility;
Through the reaping-field of dreams
Evening draws her shadowy teams,
And a young moon, newly born,
Sets her sickle to the corn.

—*Laurence Housman.*

From The Nation, London.

For what are we thankful in the old year (1919)? That the so-called League of Nations was destroyed and America delivered from unreserved participation in this pact of infamy; that the Allied conspiracy of intervention in Russia was defeated, and the Soviet government left free to work out its system for whatever it may be worth of good or evil; that the British Labor Party has captured by-elections, and grown steadily in strength and influence; that prohibition in the United States has been achieved, and woman suffrage started on the road to final victory; that the American Labor Party has been organized, and the Committee of 48 well launched in the work of rallying all liberals to the cause of drastic social change through political action! For these things we are glad. But on the other hand we lament—that all our best hopes of the War were defeated; that Allied stupidity and greed at Paris shattered the promise of enduring peace, and plunged Europe into a chaos of misery and death; that "the fourteen points" became a by-word and a hissing; that the Russian blockade killed millions of innocents; that Ireland and other dependent nationalities were unredeemed from tyranny; that political offendors and conscientious objectors were denied amnesty; that the "red" hysteria gripped America, and induced unprecedented outrages upon constitutional rights of freedom; that war with Mexico has again become a possibility! It is with mixed emotions that we gaze upon this year now gone. Perhaps the best that we can say is, All is not lost!

As we look into the year ahead (1920), what do we most desire? The calling of a new international conference, perhaps a third Hague Convention, to establish a genuine League of Nations; peace in Russia, and the recognition of the Soviet government; deliverance of central and eastern Europe from famine and pestilence; the establishment of an Irish Republic; the overthrow of Lloyd-George's coalition government by the British Labor Party; the destruction of the Wilson administration by the greatest majority in American history, in favor of the new third party of liberals and radicals; the endorsement of the woman suffrage amendment; the defeat of universal military training; the repeal of the espionage act, and defeat of all new repressive legislation; above all, the unhindered march of the common people toward that achievement of full political and industrial democracy which is the salvation of the world. We are now in the ruck of the war-machine! When in 1914 war came in, democracy went out, for the two cannot live together in the same world. Steadily, as time went on, and the battle against Germany waxed ever fiercer, autocracy tightened its grip upon government and society. Now that the conflict is ended, that grip not only holds, but seeks to perpetuate itself by tyrannies more daring than any that we could have imagined five years ago. Everywhere, however, are the signs of aroused resentment. Democracy, long banished, has returned, and is beating at the portals locked against her. Soon—in this new year, 1920, God grant!—those portals will yield, and Democracy re-enter, more terrible and glorious than ever. Awful

has been the darkness of war and the aftermath of war; but "fear not, little flock," for the day of deliverance is at hand!

No survey in retrospect and prospect would be complete without mention of the Negro question. The year 1919 was perhaps the blackest in this regard that we have known since the close of the Civil War. The riots in Washington, Chicago and Omaha, the race war in Arkansas, the assault on John R. Shillady in Texas, the usual lynchings in character more ferocious than ever—all these unite to make a record that is fairly terrifying. It is evident that we are approaching a climax in the development of this fateful problem. For years we have felt that education and industrial independence for the black man, was the way out of the impasse. To-day we are beginning to see that the rise of the Negro in individual capacity and social status, is only leading us deeper into the chaos of prejudice and hate. Just at the moment when the colored people, after more than a half-century of heroic struggle, are attaining their goal of manhood, and claiming their rights of equal citizenship by discharging to the full the obligations of this citizenship in the Great War, they encounter a hostility more determined, cruel and unreasoning, than anything they have hitherto known. That they should yield to this hostility is not to be expected, or desired. They are knocking at a door which must be opened. Which means that the education of the white man in justice and brotherhood is now the need of the hour!

The New York Board of Education is suspending teachers because of membership in the Communist Party, and seeking their discharge because of this heinous offense. Superintendent Tildsley has recently refused a teacher a permanent license because, among other things, this teacher is known to read the *New Republic,* the *Nation,* and the *Dial.* Now it is proposed to force all graduates of public schools in New York to take a pledge of allegiance to the government and the flag, and of undying opposition to enemies of the established order. We wonder, as we receive these items of information, what the New York Board of Education knows about education, and what it is seeking to do with the minds of the children committed to its care. In the undoubted confusion in which it is now wandering, it will console the Board to know that it has excellent precedent for the policy of repression which it is now laboring to enforce. Thus, in an address delivered some years ago, to the teachers of Austria, his Imperial Majesty, Francis Joseph, said: "There are new ideas in progress which I cannot and will not approve. Hold fast to old ideas. I need no learned men. I do need brave citizens. Your duty is to make the nation into such. Whoever serves me must accept what I command. Whoever is unable to do that, or comes to me with new ideas, can go, or I will remove him." We commend these words to American school boards everywhere. Let them be lifted high, that teachers may everywhere be warned!

The convention of the Committee of 48 in St. Louis last month was a great success. The attempt to suppress the meeting at the start gave appropriate setting for a conference which achieved fine things for the cause of free opinion and independent political action in this country. In spite of a wide variety of ideas held by the hundreds of delegates present from all sections of the United States, a platform of less than one hundred and fifty words, focussing attention upon a few immediate issues of reform, was adopted with unanimity and enthusiasm. This platform called for public ownership of railroads, and of public utilities and natural resources generally; a tax on land which should prevent its being held in idleness for monopoly or speculative purposes; equal rights and privileges for all citizens, irrespective of sex or color; immediate and absolute restoration of free speech, free press, free assembly, and all civil rights guaranteed by the Constitution; the right of labor to organize, bargain collectively through representatives of its own choosing, and to have due share in the management of industry. Resolutions passed by the convention declared for the lifting of the Russian blockade, amnesty for political offendors, and the defeat of universal military training. Most important of all action, perhaps, was the adoption of the report of the Committee on Political Procedure, which provided for the calling of a political convention not later than July 1, 1920, to the end, if possible, of uniting all liberal and radical groups into a great "third party," which shall put into the field a single ticket, on which Socialists, Laborites, Non-Partisan Leaguers, Single-Taxers, etc., can all unite for the presidential campaign. Contrary to much current opinion, the Committee of 48 is not seeking to organize a separate party of its own. Rather is it seeking to find common ground on which all existing opposition parties can combine for joint action this coming year. The St. Louis convention took a long step in this direction. A triumphant "third party" in 1920 is something more to-day than a possibility.

More and more painful, not to say ridiculous, becomes the effort to persuade unwilling people to attend church services. A little while ago we were having each season a "Go to church Sunday." Now are we being asked by the New York Federation of

Churches to set apart December 28th as an "End the year right Sunday." At the meeting of ministers at which this latest device for inveigling persons into church was discussed and adopted it was stated, on the basis of careful investigation, that less than 40 per cent of the members of an average church attended services on any given Sunday. When to this is added an estimate of the number of people in New York, or any other city for that matter, who are members of no church, and seldom or never are present at religious services, this appalling nature of the situation may be realized. Indeed, it is not to be wondered at that "desperate remedies" are resorted to for the curing of an ill itself so desperate. But have our church officials never bethought themselves that there may be other means of accomplishing the end they seek than the somewhat grotesque appointment of "Go to church" and "End the year right" Sundays? Is it not at least possible that men and women might be attracted by churches which attempted to lead instead of to follow puplic opinion, which sought some source of spiritual authority higher than that of government, which refused to confuse the moral and the statute law; which taught justice at all hazard, sought peace at any price, and accepted gladly any martyrdom for right? The trouble with our churches is that they are not truly religious—and people know it!

General Pershing has now taken rank with General Leonard Wood as a preacher of anarchy and violence —that is, if newspaper reports are to be trusted. In a dispatch dated "Chicago, December 20th," this eminent soldier is quoted as saying to an audience of 2,000 members of the American Legion: "It is up to you to realize that you are guardians of the future. It is up to you to oppose radical doctrine—not passively, but actively; morally if possible, but if necessary not to hesitate to use physical force." We had not thought it necessary for anybody to urge the American Legion "to use physical force." These lawless men have been rioting and mobbing these days in a way to delight the soul of the veriest "red" that was ever deported across the seas to Russia. But General Pershing is evidently not satisfied. Trained to the use of "physical force," he knows no other way of accomplishing his end; and so, without a vestige of knowledge as to what he is doing, urges his men, in order to crush the "reds," to become "reds" themselves! It is sound military doctrine; but for this very reason do we insist, that it is unsound American doctrine. It is amazing to note the extent to which so-called good citizens arrogate to themselves that right to preach lawlessness and violence, which they condemn in other and less influential men as the essence of treason. Shall we never learn that anarchy is anarchy, whether it is preached by the alien communist or by a Lieutenant-General of the United States Army?

Less than a year after the death of Oscar Hammerstein, comes the passing of Cleofonte Campanini. These two names are inevitably associated together, for it was Hammerstein and Campanini who founded the Manhattan Opera House in New York, and therewith opened a new epoch in the history of music in America. A new standard of operatic production, new operas notably of the French school, new singers of the Mary Garden and Maurice Renaud type of genius—all these we owe to Campanini. Opera became a greater and more wonderful thing in this country on the night that this inspired conductor lifted his baton over the orchestra at the Manhattan; and it is probable that it will never again lapse to old standards of slip-shod convention and routine. In these later years, Campanini was associated with the Chicago Opera Company, and here continued the work so nobly begun in New York. To the end he was a gallant pioneer in the realm of music, a man quick to understand genius in either singer or composer, an interpreter of true insight and profound emotion. It is melancholy to think of the losses suffered among our musical conductors in recent years. With Muck an exile, Toscanini returned to his own country, and now Campanini dead, we have lost the greatest that we had.

"The red terror in Russia is over. During the existence of the extraordinary Commission for preventing counter revolution, it executed 1,500 people in Petrograd, 500 in Moscow and 3,000 in the rest of Russia, in all 5,000. These figures agree with those reported by Major Wardwell, and I have checked them with soviet, anti-soviet and neutral sources. But it must be remembered in this connection that General Mannerheim executed in southern Finland alone, during the white terror, 12,000 working men and women without semblance of a trial." [It is the Mannerheim government of Finland which the Allies have recognized.—Ed.]

William Bullitt in testimony before Foreign Relations Committee.

BOUNCING BETTY.

Dear Bouncing Betty on the hillside far—
Clean thou art—and as pure as any star;
Nature hath made thee to be fair and sweet—
Oh, why stray from this cool and safe retreat?

Poor Bouncing Betty by the river-side—
Soiled and be-draggled by the muddy tide;
Coal-dust and cinders in thy once bright eye
Alas! 'loved Betty, back to Nature fly.

New Albany, Indiana. Emma N. Carleton.

New Year's Morning

The greater portion of the people of the earth have passed through a period of unutterable woe, and so deep and vast has been this woe that the gaiety witnessed occasionally in some great cities has seemed to me to be an indication of levity which is sometimes forced from a soul in despair. There are, however, great cities from which no report of gaiety of any kind comes: from Vienna, Munich, Warsaw, Budapest and other capitals stretching away towards the Orient, we learn of nothing but hunger and gloom.

Pondering the difference in industrial and social phenomena, in groups of cities east and west of the Rhine, I am led to imagine that the iron teeth of hunger have bitten deep into the vitals of Central Europe, for it is obvious that the nations which enforced the blockade are those which have indulged in excitements and revelries. How strange it is that the people of France and of Great Britain seemed to be opposed to the blockade which is the cause of most of the terrible woe and fearful gloom into which Eastern Europe is plunged; strange, too, is the revolting business of governments acting contrary to the better nature of their people. And when we learn from Britain that an authority on this matter suggests that the American people seem to be the only one in favor of the continuance of the blockade, it is time for us to ask ourselves what is the matter with us all. Have we lost all sense of responsibility? Are we bereft of all knowledge of perspective? It is difficult to answer these questions. But may one assume that there can be as much gloom in the heart and soul of conquerors as they inflict upon the conquered. It is possible; for apathy and indifference to woe are certain indications of spiritless, lightless minds.

After reading the appeals of the numerous charitable organizations which have reported to the French and British governments on the condition of affairs in Central Europe, I am reminded of the gloom and despair which lies in James Thomson's terrible poem called "The City of Dreadful Night":

> The City is of Night: perchance of Death,
> But certainly of Night; for never there
> Can come the lucid morning's fragrant breath
> After the dewy dawning's cold grey air;
> The moon or stars may shine with scorn or pity,
> The sun has never visited that city,
> For it dissolveth in the daylight fair.

The all-pervading gloom which war and the blockade have produced must be dispelled, if our generation is to escape the bitter condemnation of our heirs. This, however, will be no easy task for us to perform, for before we can lift the gloom which has fallen upon more than two hundred millions of European people, we must wrench away the heavy gloom which has been deepening in our own minds for a generation or more. We must learn again the lesson of individual responsibility, we must regain the knowledge of human perspective. This is not a matter in which governments can assist us; it is one which affects the individual, it is one which concerns each man and each woman solely. Each one of us must first dispel the gloom which is in our own mind before we can bring the "lucid morning's fragrant breath" to our own people, or to any of the peoples of Europe. For the gloom which now blurs all our vision came not with the war, it was there long before we were plunged into the strife. Indeed the war came because we could not see clearly, the war came because we could not think clearly. Mr. Winston Churchill, in November, 1912, said, "The only epitaph which history could write on such a catastrophe would be that this whole generation of men went mad and tore themselves to pieces." And in less than two years after he made that speech the world went mad and men tore themselves to pieces, because their hearts and minds were filled with gloom; they had no vision.

It is then chiefly a question of what the individual can do to regain a normal state of understanding and refinement, a question of how he or she is to pass from the city of dreadful night in which we have been imprisoned, and enter into the morning's hours of clear skies aud fragrant winds. And this perhaps is not so difficult as it may seem, for though the war has intensified the gloom, hope still shines dimly somewhere in the human heart and mind. I suppose there never was a really hopeless case. There is a moment when the downcast place all their hopes in the coming of the day. The wretch condemned to die does not give up hope of reprieve so long as another day will dawn. The sailor worn and sick at heart stares through the pall of night for the first glimmer in the east, with hope that the new light will bring a calm, or some rescuing sail. The soldier after battling through the long night of suffering longs for the morn. The man of business, alone in his office, pores over his books, crushed by failure, fearful of his reputation, but there is hope in his breast that daylight will bring with it some chance of recovery. All mortals trust that the beginning of a new day will bring with it surcease of sorrow, or relief from pain. And at the same time we all carry, hidden away in our own souls, the east from which our guiding star should shine; the star which should gleam like a new birth and shed a precious light like morning.

There is a French proverb: "Not the day only, but all things have their morning!" I wonder if it be possible for each of us to pass into a new morning, cleansed and invigorated from within? Can it be with the soul as it is with the City of Dreadful Night? Can the soul of man be a place the sun has never visited? The Hebrew poets were familiar with the

soul without a sun, or the soul in which the sun never seemed to rise. They knew that it was the warm rays of its own sun that the soul of man needs. Someone has called the sun the soul of the day. But all the great poets have realized the spiritual and mental despair in which so many men of action dwell, and the necessity of light and warmth coming from within, if men are to free themselves from the dungeons of gloom. Shakespeare, perhaps more than any other poet, has dealt with the spiritual necessity of the new morn. Consider how gladly Horatio welcomes the morn, after the strange happenings with the ghost of Hamlet's father. You may remember how Horatio goes to the rampart to satisfy himself whether the rumor he has heard from the soldiers of the appearance of the ghost be true. It is in the dead vast and middle of the night when the ghost appears and with solemn march goes slow and stately by him. He strives to make it speak and tell the meaning of its appearance, but at cock crow it vanishes away like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons. Then follow these wonderful lines:

> It faded on the crowing of the cock.
> Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
> And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,
> The nights are wholesome; then no plants strike,
> No fairy tales nor witch hath power to charm;
> So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Imagine if you can the perturbed state of their minds, how seriously their dispositions are shocked. But it is just at this point that Horatio says:

> But look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
> Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Their harrowed souls rejoice to see the fair approach of day. The suspense is broken, the tense feeling of fear is gone. They know all dark and gruesome things pass to their confines when dawn scatters her gray veil over the gloom of night.

We can learn from this scene how nature at dawn overcomes all the dire symbols of the night. And so with man, if he will let the sun in his soul rise and shine; its warm light will give strength to meet all conflicts, and stir the heart to nobler desires. Allingham in a beautiful verse says:

> Sleep is like death, and after sleep
> The world seems new begun;
> White thoughts stand luminous and firm,
> Like statues in the sun;
> Refreshed from supersensuous founts,
> The soul to clearer vision mounts.

White thoughts and clear vision are the essentials of every one ready for the real business of the day. They are like the beauty of the morning, when we see fine lights and feel warm air. Have you stood in the fields at dawn and watched day spread her wings over hill and dale? Have you watched the sun break through the lingering clouds and throw its shafts of heat into the rolling banks of mist and clear the air? And have you stood at morn when all the sky is overcast and thought of the miracle that is taking place behind the heavy clouds? No matter how forbidding the outlook may seem, how dreary the hour, nature is at work, the sun is rising, and though all looks dark and cold, the sun is shining somewhere; white thoughts and clear vision may be present in such a scene so long as the soul responds to the coming of the morn.

The beneficence of morn has been sung by all great poets. Here are a few lines from the Persian poet Ferideddin Attar, written over eight hundred years ago:

> They (the birds) had cleaned themselves from the dust,
> And were by the light ensouled.
> What was, and was not,—the Past,—
> Was wiped out from their breast.
> The sun from near-by beamed
> Clearest light into their soul.

A similar thought of the cleansing effect of morn we find in the "Tempest." Shakespeare says:

> The charm dissolves apace;
> And as the morning steals upon the sight,
> Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
> Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
> Their clearer reason.

The effect of a gloomy dawn on a superstitious mind bent on some dire business is wonderfully described in Richard III. It is the night before the Battle of Bosworth. Richard with a heavy heart retires to rest for a few hours before the fight. He throws himself upon his couch and soon appear before him the ghosts of Prince Henry, whom Richard stabbed at Tewkesbury; the ghost of the murdered King Henry VI; of Clarence, Rivers, Grey and Vaughan; then follow the specters of Hastings; the two young princes; Queen Anne, Richard's wife; and Buckingham. All the troop of those who fell before his passion for power, the victims of his vaulting ambition, gather together to fret his darkened soul and make him fearful of the fate which waits him on the field. Before he meets his doom the harrowing pageant of the past files slowly through his thronged and surging mind in terrible review. Each wicked act takes shape and comes horror-clad in the sables of revengeful night, with accusation and sentence to shock his blackened soul. Buckingham bids him die in terror of his guiltiness. A more dreadful sentence it would be difficult for judge to speak. It was impossible for Richard with all his power and kingship to escape the past. Starting up from his frightful dream, he cries:

> I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.
> Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool do not flatter.

What a world of philosophy is revealed in these few words! So many in this world think that, if they speak well of themselves, Eternal Justice will be satisfied. But Richard only entertains that idea for a brief moment. He knows the great crisis is at hand. He can no longer put off the hour by seeking refuge in sophistry.

My conscience hath a several thousand tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree;
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty!

Thus he sums up the burden of his acts. And when Ratcliff comes to wake him, he finds him risen and cold with the sweat of fear. Ratcliff tells him that the early village cock hath twice done salutation to the morn. He has heard it not. There was no sun in his soul to rise. He had so long neglected to look for light from within, that the heat and brightness of his soul had faded away. When Ratcliff tells him to fear no shadows, Richard says:

Shadows tonight
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof.

His soul can be affected only by terror. And yet the vague human note is sounded when he ponders: "It is not yet near day." The faint hope of even so black a soul is pitiful. Then as the hour advances he grows anxious of the morn. The sound of a distant clock is heard, and Richard commands, "Tell the clock there." And here the dramatist gives pause while Richard counts the strokes; each one falling like a knell upon his heart. Still, he will know more of the ordination of the day, and he asks for a calendar. Again the dramatist gives pause while the king searches the calendar. This he does without satisfaction, for he asks, "Who saw the sun today?" Ratcliff replies, "Not I, my lord." At this, despair settles on Richard like a heavy cloud:

Then he disdains to shine; for by the book,
He should have braved the east an hour ago;
A black day will it be for somebody.

The mood deepens. The mystery of the sun's non-appearance fills him with awe. He calls Ratcliff to him and says:

The sun will not be seen today;
The sky doth lower and frown upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.

The dew of heaven lies upon the field, and he knows the symbol is not of the earth. Still he ponders the mystery of nature and will not give up hope. He looks for the sign from without. He does not realize that outward signs are nothing if the soul does not respond.

Not shine today!

Today, of all days, in a long career! Now at the very crisis of life, the outward sign will not appear! His sensibilities are fearfully shocked. But after a moment of sad reflection he takes refuge in the silly thought, and the dramatist purposely makes it a silly, foolish thought, to point the moral.

Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven
That frowns on me, looks sadly on him.

The beautiful lines from the epilogue to Beaumont and Fletcher's "Honest Man's Fortune" seem to me to point the moral and adorn the tale:

Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

Here is a sixteenth century rendering of the old Greek idea: that man being the architect of his own life, has the power to make life perfect. The great responsibility is his, and the light is within him, if he will only seek it, and having found it he will never fall a victim to errors of false perspective. What if you gain the world and lose your soul? There we have the question put in its directest sense. But there must be many people who do not realize all that is put in the question. It is not sufficient to rest content with the understanding that you have a soul, and that you will not violate its sanctity by cumbering it with worldly possessions. The soul must have its exercise, and expand, and progress each day with the rhythm of the universe. It must take on the ordinations of nature, and by these exercises it will rise and glow above the material attractions of the world. The soul's actions should beat with the workings of the mind; these should be in tune, for as the mind acts so the soul glows or fades. And as the soul shines, so thoughts take on the colours of truth. Emerson says: "A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within." Within is the source; there is the well from which spring the profoundest thoughts. We should learn the value of thoughts, and never reject a thought of our own because it is our own. In the essay on Self-Reliance, Emerson says: "We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be safely imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards."

When the light burns bright within, all things take true shape, and nothing appears deformed; nature is understood. When the light in silence steals at morn over the trembling dew-covered earth, then our souls shake off the veils of sleep, and, slowly, our minds are stirred with the best of thoughts.

The truth of the French proverb should be clear to us. Not only day but all things have their morning. You have heard the song bird exult when no rosy light is visible in the eastern sky. It is the hour and the light is in the soul. Even the nightingale heralds the morn; it sings through the night a song to coming day; there is no sign of dawn in the east, but the bird feels from within the impulse which thrills it, and sets the flow of melody streaming through the night. How beautiful are the words of Isaiah, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come!" The old He-

brew poets always rejoiced from within. And because this was so, their genius has come to us all down the centuries, and will remain while language lasts to beautify our thoughts. "Be ye glad and rejoice forever in that which I create."

How wonderful life would be, how fair the world and our activities, if we would only rouse ourselves to a clearer understanding of our own powers of thought and action. The complex problems of life can have no terrors for the man who has learned the secret of morning. Gloom can never enter into the radiant spaces of his mind, it can never dim the light of hope which must always shine in his heart. And such a man will have vision bright enough to see the beneficence of the Creator is intended for all creatures to enjoy. His eyes will be raised high above the imperial policies, the national hatreds, the political jealousies, the commercial greed, which come from gloomy minds and hopeless hearts. Even at this time when to so many millions on the earth the future seems one of hopeless despair, he will look beyond the present travail and woe and hope fervently for the Master's will to be done. Who can say that we are ready to solve the problems of the States until each is master of his own fate? If we only knew that it is really possible to awaken even at such a time as this to a new life, that it is possible for us to thrill our slumbering souls, and set in motion high ideas and realize noble dreams, that we can pass into a new morn, soul-cleansing, revivifying,—the fears, complexities and doubts that harass and cumber our days would melt away like gloom from the gates of morn full open to the glory of the sun.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

CONTRIBUTED

Major Prophets of the New Christianity

X.

WARD AND HOLMES OUR LIVING VOICES.

Though each generation praises the prophets of the preceding generation but stones its own, there are always some in each generation who recognize the prophets while they are yet with us. Jesus had 120 followers who gathered together a few days after he had been slain. I always hear Prof. Harry Ward and John Haynes Holmes whenever I can, for each always has something to say. And they are so radically different. Ward is probably the clearest living thinker on sociological questions from a religious standpoint. When he talks not a word is wasted. With the keenest analysis he uses the intellectual knife and when he is through there is little left to be said. A good evidence that he cannot be answered successfully is seen in the fact that the Methodist Church recently ordered all his writings removed from their authorized list and passed their anathema on his intellectual work. When a bunch of bishops does this you may know that they have failed to answer his arguments. Ward is completing the work of interpretation that Rauschenbusch started, and he is in addition applying the spirit and teachings of Jesus to the new problems arising. Those pastors, leaders of formus, controllers of a platform anywhere, who want to get the best thing said in the most careful and critical statements, will do well to open their doors and secure Prof. Harry Ward.

On the other hand, if pastors, leaders and the like want the best thing said in the most inspiring way—if they want earnestness, heat and enthusiasm, then call on John Haynes Holmes. Holmes inspires people—he is so buoyantly enthusiastic that the audience catches of his enthusiasm. And I do not mean to say that Holmes is not also the prophet. He sees things clearly; he knows that Real Christianity must labor to save society, and that such salvation means that we must kick out industrial injustice and all forms of militarism. Ward is the scholar, Holmes is the orator. Holmes puts things oftentimes with brilliant analysis; Ward is always calmly and coolly clear. Ward is teaching the New Christianity and that only. Holmes is teaching the New Christianity and half a hundred other things. Thus we are back to where we started, St. Simon and Compte, with Ward as the St. Simon and Holmes as the Compte; only here I am sure we will have no parting of the ways—both men will unite on the essentials and vital things and lead us who are willing to follow, into the planting of a NEW CHRISTIANITY in America and the world.

OUR MINOR PROPHETS.

My series of Major Prophets of New Christianity would only be fair if it were followed by a list of Minor Prophets. I shall not have the time to write such a list now—perhaps some day I may; but I cannot close without giving the list. Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, who in the "eighties" started a *Church of the Carpenter*. George Herron, who like Scott Nearing of our day preached himself out of his profession. Richard Ely, Washington Gladden, J. H. W. Stuckenberg, Edward Carr, Canon Freemantle, Stitt Wilson, Algernon Crapsey, Levi M. Powers, Alexander Irvine, George Coleman, Father McGrady, Father John Ryan, Vida Scudder, Jane Addams, Morrison-Davidson, Francesco Nitti, Rufus Weeks, Albert R. Williams, William Thurston Brown—these are all men whose work has been chiefly in religious circles and whose great endeavor has been to recast the Christian religion in the New and Social Christianity which is slowly taking shape.

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

A TOWN WINDOW.

Beyond my window in the night
  Is but a drab inglorious street,
Yet there the frost and clean starlight
  As over Warwick woods are sweet.

Under the grey drift of the town
  The crocus works among the mould
As eagerly as those that crown
  The Warwick spring in flame and gold.

And when the tramway down the hill
  Across the cobbles moans and rings,
There is about my window-sill
  The tumult of a thousand wings.

—*John Drinkwater.*

THE PULPIT

The God of the New Day

By Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly, D.D.

The cold metaphysical abstraction called The Absolute, without beginning and end, holding all of life in each successive moment, devoid of all struggle and achievement, remote and unchangeable, the observer of human puppets that does its will, is utterly without meaning for the average man.

From this conception movements of life, aflame with the divine passion of love, big with the promise of the Age to be, the ever-coming Golden Age, bearing compassion for the poor, the weary and afflicted, do not come.

It is under the banners of the human gods that men have marched out against those who dwelt in the tents of wickedness. It is for the loving tender gods that men have willingly and joyfully died on the cross and on the scaffold. They have given men the power to break down the barriers between their lower and their higher selves, between themselves and other men, between themselves and the future.

Abstract deities, logically sound from top to toe but dead in the heart, have been dishonored and disowned in all ages by eager souls aflame with the passion for life, rich, full and abundant life. What logic, reason or even the laboratory proves does not satisfy the heart hunger of men born not for today but for the future.

We are members of a race of seers. Our bodies, with which we are cumbered, belong to the present. Our souls, when they break the bonds of the flesh, are ever flying into the Great Spaces of Undivided Light into the Unknown. There in their dreams of what-ought-to-be they find their real selves and God.

It is the Gods of the future that have ever lured men on. They have even taken men to the high peaks and shown them visions of the Celestial City, the New Jerusalem coming down to earth. They have caused them to forget the past in the revelation of the glory of the future.

But let no one think that this separation from the past, the new birth of the soul as it passes from the ease of what is to the uncertainties of what-is-to-be, is without pain and even agony. The price we pay for our escape is a measure of the reality of our escape.

The Gods of Yesterday may be even cruel and avenging deities. We may abhor them, deny them and reject them, but they remain entwined and enmeshed in the very fiber of our being. They live in the associations of our chilhood, they are a part of memories of our hope. They are woven into the love we bear those who watched over us with tender care in the days of our helplessness. To break with them is to tear them out of the very roots of our lives. We fear that when they are sundered with them goes much that is lovely and beautiful, much that belongs to the deepest and richest part of life. And yet men have not been able to withstand the divine energy surging within them and urging them to leave the old and proceed to the new.

Men have ever rejected the Gods of Yesterday in their search after the Gods of the Future. It is true that in ignorance and weakness they have gone after many false gods, have bowed down and worshipped many strange idols. Some of these have appealed to their reason, others to their love of the beautiful and others have flattered their petty vanity. But in these gods men have not found rest and peace. They have not been the sources of the passions of mankind. They have presented to man no Gethsemanes and no Calvaries. They have offered to men the balm of indifference, pleasurable emotions and self-satisfaction, but never have they given him that passionate fierce joy in life, that sense of creative power that has characterized all great religious movements. They have never lifted men out of the ephemeral riches of the present and given him the power to surmount all pain and disappointment—to cry aloud, "O Death where is thy Sting; O Grave where is thy victory."

Men have turned from the idols of the day to the eternally human God who called them to forget self in the stream of life of the race. The Gods of the past have been overthrown and left to wander in the lonely waste places of the earth because a God more loving and tender supplanted them.

The weary hearts of men have turned from dogma, from cold ritual, from the dry husks of yesterday's thought to a new and warmer vision of God, whose face glows with the warmth of human sympathy and whose heart is filled with love for the toiling suffering race that has steadily through the ages sought for Him, if haply they might find Him.

We go, whether we will or no, to the larger thought of God as we move into the larger thought of man. The infinite urge of the Spirit drives us on. We, like the Wandering Jew, who is a symbol of the race, can never find an abiding place. Our God must be for us a growing God. Our life is not in being but in moving on from the assurance of today to the uncertainties of tomorrow. To escape this movement is to die.

Today men are as much stirred by the cataclysms of the spirit as they are by the catclysms of the flesh. The race is in travail. The agony of parturition is once more with us. A new age is being born within us and we suffer its birth pangs. We consciously or unconsciously cry aloud for a vision of the God that is to be. In our distress, in our Gethsemane, we also plead that "if it be possible that this cup shall pass by us." But this is the Way of Life and no soul can entirely escape. Slowly and gradually in the midst of our agony the face of God, the face of the new God, is being revealed to our willing or unwilling eyes. As He comes into view from behind the black clouds of ignorance and fear the glory of His face is too great for us. We would fain close our eyes to the beatific vision. We put up our hands to protect our blinded eyes. He is more wonderful than our dreams of Him. The light of His countenance is like the light of a great sun. He is there and we cannot deny Him. Those who dare to look cry out in joyous exultation,

> My flesh, that I seek
> In the Godhead! I seek and I find it.

And these know that David's words to Saul have come true.

> O Saul, it shall be
> A face like my face that receives thee;
> a man like to thee,
> Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever:
> a Hand like this hand
> Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!
> See the Christ stand.

This vision is of the incarnation. It is the vision

that illumines with beauty, that brings hope and strength to the weary world today. I do not say that I have seen it in all its fullness and radiant beauty. Perhaps no one man has. But through the clouds that rise in hideous shapes above the hate and strife that fills the world today it is being seen by some even more clearly than ever before in the long history of the race.

This vision is an affirmation that beneath all that stuns and bewilders us today, all that fills our hearts with agony and our minds with horror, there remains that which though unattained and unrealized by man endures from age to age. This vision of the Godhead, this sense of the presence of unspeakable love and immeasurable pity, men must seek just because they are men, because they are human.

The words of Karshish, the wandering physician of Arabia to Ahib, his teacher, become our words:

> So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
> So, through the thunder comes a human voice
> Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
> Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
> Thou hast no power nor may conceive of mine:
> But love I gave thee with myself to love,
> And thou must love me who hath died for thee."

Today, above all the wild shouting and the tumult of the world, is heard the clear resonant voices of those who in the past and in the present have seen the Face. It is a face of strength, not weakness, of hope, not despair, of love, not hate, of pity, not contempt. The way up has been long. The way ahead is without end. Countless generations of men must climb the rocky paths, marked ever by the blood of patient yet courageous men. The Gods of Yesterday have fallen. In them there is no hope. They have sunk into the oblivion of past days. We who have seen the face of Him in whom is revealed the unyielding passionate aspiration of the race can cry with joyous exultation, "God is dead. God lives."

This vision of the incarnation of Humanity has grown out of the holy passions of the seers of the past and has within it the hopes and longings of the race today. It has been possible for us by Socrates and Jesus, by St. Paul and Marcus Aurelius, by Epictetus and St. Francis and all the great host of saints and prophets who have slowly woven their lives into the fabric of men's faith.

Though individuals are today denying God, mankind is today not losing its faith. We are beating out the faith of the future on the anvil of human experience in the white heat of our heart's agony.

The God who calls to us across the living spaces that lie between us and him is not a strange or terrible being. He, the Incarnation of Humanity stretches out the beseeching arms of a comrade and a friend.

Mankind slowly creeping upward not understanding its own self has revealed to it its own inherent beauty. Mankind slowly becoming conscious of its mighty strength is recognizing that forces are within that no man can test or measure. We thought God was afar off. Our fathers thought Him inaccessible. They might strive to please Him as obedient slaves. The heart hunger of mankind made that God impossible. It is a comrade, not king, fellowship not obedience that satisfies the heart hunger of men. And slowly the revelation has come and is coming that He whom we thought of as beyond the horizon and without the possibility of tender human experience is one with us. We are of Him as He is of us. Our vision, the vision of God that beckons, that beseeches, has arisen out of the very hearts of men. It is our vision, our consciousness of what we are that brings us into the presence of Him who strives within us yet challenges us from without.

Man is at last awakening to the fact, long dreamed of by prophets, felt by poets and searched for by philosophers, that that which he has in common with the wolf and the tiger, that which is the heritage or encumbrance from his long climb up from the dark and unknown past, is not that which marks him as human, which gives him his glory and fills his soul with hope. It is not the struggles of the devils of lust and pride that point to his crown of glory. It is that emerging, seeking, longing, loving, aspiring part of him which we call his soul that marks him human and divine. Now the mists are rolled away, now the glory and the beauty of the common life is seen. Across every line that separates men flow the messages of the spirit. Humanity is One. The City of God is the habitation of all the children of men. The Oneness of Mankind is the Eternal that never dies in men, that gives to them the hope of youth and the courage of age. Not from us but in us and with us—yea, flesh of our flesh and soul of our soul is the God of Tomorrow. Our struggles, our defeats, our passions, our loves, patience and despair and above all our pressing forward through swamps of illusion and jungles of ignorance is the movement of God in us. If we leave our mad rush for ephemeral things we may feel in the solemn silences of the night, in joyous expectation of the morn the struggling movements of the Life Eternal striving for birth within us.

We need be no longer fearsome creatures, weak ones, confessors of guilt and children of sin. We need no longer confess that we are worms of the earth crawling in darkness. We are co-operators with God, comrades of the Eternal. Intimations we have of his presence in the amenities of home and friendships, in the aspirations of our nights when the day's glory has departed and the stars call us to communion with the living and the dead. In the realization of the common tragedy of all men we feel His humanity.

Patiently conscious of the burdens of the past and the limitations of the present, the Eternal One is finding his way to ever higher and higher revelations of His glory. The slowly widening Brotherhood of Man is making known His grace and beauty.

The quest of the race is the quest of God. God is in us and we are in God. Yea, we being the Incarnation of the Eternal; find Him when we find ourselves. Slowly our ideal is visualized. Slowly it attains form and substance. It unites with the ideals of other men. Then the Great Ideal is born and the vision comes to him who has power to see.

The Light, the Life, the Eternal Spirit we call God focused in the conscious and unconscious hopes and dreams of the race shines with a brilliant burning flame. Our eyes are too weak, we turn from the glory of it. But some have caught a glimpse of the Son of Man, the Lord of Glory, the Servant and Master of Men in this Humanity which lives and strives and dies and lives again, ever marching upward and onward. "Here," they cry, "is God, the God of our hearts, our hopes, our loves and dreams. He, whom we sought in the vast unexplored reaches of space, in the cold icy mountains of logic, and

searched for on land and sea and in the stars, is here." The vision of the God which men have seen with unsteady eye is the vision of Humanity. Not all seekers have seen the vision but no one can utterly escape its loving tender presence.

Many worship still at the altars of the old Gods,—Gods whose images have long since crumbled into dust. Jehovah as well as Pan is dead. In them there is no breath of life. But above the altar of mankind on which men still offer the bleeding bodies of their brothers and sisters is the God of the New Day, whose name is Love and whose worship is proclaimed in the music of hearts that beat in harmony with the silent music of souls that ever and ever in majestic rhythm hail Him, Lord of Lords and God of Gods.

Here we stand in His solemn presence. Life awaits life as thought awaits thought. We give ourselves to Him and He comes to us. Then comes the ineffable mystery, the union of soul with soul and the union of soul with God.

Gone then are our doubts, our fears, our hates, our vanities. We are co-operators in a work so great, in an enterprise so real that thought and feeling are united in the solemn ecstacy of work and worship. Our God is the human, redeeming, struggling, aspiring God,—the God of our love and our hope, Flesh of our flesh, Soul of our soul.

SELECTED

EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA

VII.

An Interview with Lenin

Three Questions and the Answers

The interview with Lenin had been a matter of some difficulty to arrange; not because he is unapproachable—he goes about with as little external trappings or precautions as myself—but because his time is so precious. He, even more than the other Commissaries, is continuously at work. But at last I had secured a free moment and drove from my room, across the city, to one of the gates of the Kremlin. I had taken the precaution at the beginning of my stay to secure a pass that set me free from any possible molestation from officials or police, and this gave me admission to the Kremlin enclosure. Entrance to the Kremlin is naturally guarded; it is the seat of the Executive Government; but the formalities are no more than have to be observed at Buckingham Palace or the House of Commons. A small wooden office beyond the bridge, where a civilian grants passes, and a few soldiers, ordinary Russian soldiers, one of whom receives and verifies the pass, were all there was to be seen at this entrance. It is always being said that Lenin is guarded by Chinese. There were no Chinese here.

I entered, mounted the hill, and drove across to the building where Lenin lives, in the direction of the large platform where formerly stood the Alexander statue, now removed. At the foot of the staircase were two more soldiers, Russian youths, but still no Chinese. I went up by a lift to the top floor, where I found two other young Russian soldiers, but no Chinese, nor, in any of the three visits which I paid to the Kremlin, did I see any.

I hung up my hat and coat in the ante-chamber, passed through a room in which clerks were at work, and entered the room in which the Executive Committee of the Council of People's Commissaries holds its meetings—in other words, the Council Chamber of the Cabinet of the Soviet Republic. I had kept my appointment strictly to time, and my companion passed on (rooms in Russia are always *en suite*) to let Lenin know that I had arrived. I then followed into the room in which Lenin works and waited a minute for his coming. Here let me say there is no magnificence about this suite of rooms. They are well and solidly furnished; the Council Chamber is admirably arranged for its purpose, but everything is simple, and there is an atmosphere of hard work about everything. Of the meretricious splendor I had heard so much there is not a trace.

I had but the time to make these observations, mentally, when Lenin entered the room. He is a man of middle height, about fifty years old, active and well proportioned. His features at first sight seem to have a slight Chinese cast, and his hair and pointed beard have a ruddy brown tinge. His head is well domed and his brow broad and well raised. He has a pleasant expression in talking, and indeed his manner can be described as distinctly prepossessing. He speaks clearly in a well modulated voice, and throughout the interview he never hesitated or betrayed the slightest confusion. Indeed, the one clearly cut impression he left on me was that here was a clear, cold brain, a man absolutely master of himself and of his subject, expressing himself with a lucidity that was as startling as it was refreshing.

My companion had seated himself on the other side of the table to act as interpreter in case of need; he was not wanted. After a word of introduction I asked what I should speak, French or German. He replied that if I did not object he would prefer to speak English, and that if I would only speak clearly and slowly he would be able to follow everything. I agreed, and he was as good as his word, for only once during the three-quarters of an hour that the meeting lasted did he stumble at a word, and then only for an instant; he had seized my meaning almost immediately.

I ought to state here that the thought of this interview had engaged me from the moment I had entered Russia. There were so many things I wanted to know, scores of questions occurred to me, and to secure the answers I longed to have would have required a discursive talk of hours had I begun my task with this interview. But by leaving it to the last my month's work had brought the answer to many of the questions, and others had been settled by a radiographic interview submitted from Lyons by a combination of American journalists. It behooved me therefore to utilize to the best advantage the time rigidly apportioned to me, wedged in between two important meetings. I had therefore reduced my curiosity to three questions, to which the authoritative answers could be given only by Lenin himself, the head of the Government of the Soviet Republic. He knew quite well who I was; he did not know what I wanted. There could therefore be no question of preparation so far as he was concerned.

I had spoken of my questions to only one man, the commissary who accompanied me, and he became very depressed, and gave it as his opinion that Lenin would

not answer them. To his unfeigned astonishment, the questions were answered promptly, simply, and decisively, and when the interview was ended my companion naively expressed his wonderment.

The guidance of the interview was left to me. I began at once. I wanted to know how far the proposals which Mr. Bullitt took to the Conference at Paris still held good. Lenin replied that they still held good, with such modifications as the changing military situation might indicate. Later he added that in the agreement with Bullitt it had been stated that the changing military position might bring in alterations. Continuing, he said that Bullitt was unable to understand the strength of British and American capitalism, but that if Bullitt were President of the United States peace would soon be made.

Then I took up again the thread by asking what was the attitude of the Soviet Republic to the small nations who had split off the Russian Empire and had proclaimed their independence.

He replied that Finland's independence had been recognized in November, 1917; that he (Lenin) had personally handed to Swinhufvud, the head of the Finnish Republic, the paper on which this recognition was officially stated; that the Soviet Republic had announced some time previously that no soldiers of the Soviet Republic would cross the frontier with arms in their hands; that the Soviet Republic had decided to create a neutral strip or zone between their territory and Esthonia, and would declare this publicly; that it was one of their principles to recognize the independence of all small nations, and that finally they had just recognized the independence of the Bashkir Republic—and, he added, the Bashkirs are a weak and backward people.

For the third time I took up the questioning, asking what guarantees could be offered against official propaganda among the Western peoples, if by any chance relations with the Soviet Republic were opened. His reply was that they had declared to Bullitt that they were ready to sign an agreement not to make official propaganda. As a Government they were ready to undertake that no official propaganda should take place. If private persons undertook propaganda they would do it at their own risk and be amenable to the laws of the country in which they acted. Russia has no laws, he said, against propaganda by British people. England has such laws; therefore Russia is the more liberal minded. They would permit, he said, the British, or French, or American Government to carry on propaganda of their own. He cried out against the Defence of the Realm Act, and, as for freedom of the press in France, he declared that he had just been reading Henri Barbusse's novel, "Clarté," in which were two censored patches. "They censor novels in free, democratic France!"

I asked if he had any general statement to make, upon which he replied that the most important thing for him to say was that the Soviet system is the best, and that English workers and agricultural laborers would accept it if they knew it. He hoped that after peace the British Government would not prohibit the publication of the Soviet Constitution. That, morally, the Soviet system is even now victorious, and that the proof of the statement is seen in the persecution of Soviet literature in free, democratic countries.

My allotted time had expired, and, knowing that he was needed elsewhere, I rose and thanked him, and, making my way back through Council Chamber and clerks' room to the stair and courtyard, where were the young Russian guards, I picked up my droshky and drove back across Moscow to my room to think over my meeting with Vladimir Ulianoff.

—*W. T. Goode.*

"The Way"

"From the sorrow that burdens all hearts, from the dangers that threaten to overwhelm us, from the hatred and social injustice that flourish in all lands, —is there a way of deliverance?

"The way to bring joy into the world is for us willingly to accept more sorrow, opening our hearts to the sorrow of other hearts all over the world. The way to bring security into the world is for us willingly to face all risks to ourselves and our possessions, and to trust all men, however untrustworthy they seem. The way to bring in the reign of justice is not to punish the wrongdoers, but to overcome evil by loving and forgiving without waiting for signs of repentance. This is the Way of Jesus, who Himself followed it consistently, and in doing so conquered the world, even in His death. It is the Way of Reconciliation that brings men to their Father and makes them brothers in one family.

"We have not followed this Way.

"We have escaped suffering and danger at the cost of pain and peril to others; we have so failed in love that violence seemed to be the only way of defence; we have maintained our rights when others were denied theirs,—we have perpetuated hatred instead of dispelling it by forgiveness and love. We all stand condemned before God. None can cast a stone at his brother.

"To follow this Way seems like madness. But there is something in every one of us that calls us into it. It is the Spirit of God moving within us. When that Spirit rules we are free. We cannot expect by this Way to gain ease, wealth, power. We may not at once create a new world. But the Way of Christ is the one Way of Hope. It means *revolution through reconciliation.* Jesus is the real Revolutionary because He is the real Reconciler. If we take His Way, we too shall be reconcilers and revolutionaries. The path lies open to every man who loves and dares. Such men are the pioneers of the *Christian Revolution,* and such we may all be."

A statement by the English Friends.

Who forgets the past is more foolish than he who lives in the past. Who invites not companionship with those who have lived, goes unguided into the mystery and dangers of living. In the constantly moving procession of human progress, through the years, the closing years and the coming years as friends march in the van, as strangers they are but stragglers getting nowhere and accomplishing nothing. —*The Universalist Leader.*

News from Europe

Bulgaria at Peace with the Allies.

The special correspondent at Paris of the *Manchester Guardian* says:

A singularly sympathetic article on the changed conditions in Bulgaria is published by the *Temps* in the *Presse de Paris* apropos of the signature of the Peace Treaty with Bulgaria at Neuilly tomorrow. The *Temps* points out that between the definite reply of the Allies to M. Theodorof and the departure of M. Stamboulinski to sign the treaty in Paris Bulgaria took a step which decidedly broke off all relations with her past. This step was to arrest all the principal authors and profiteers of the war, among 300 or more men who have been imprisoned being a dozen or so former Ministers. The only complaint made by the Bulgarian people against this step has been that it ought to have been taken earlier. "Bulgaria did an immense amount of evil in attacking the Serbs," says the *Temps,* and for this she will do expiation tomorrow. But the Bulgarian nation is hard-working, disciplined, and courageous. It deserves to be better led, and if it be better led it will rise again."

Referring to M. Stamboulinski, the principal Bulgarian Peace Delegate, the *Temps* recalls that when Ferdinand declared war in September, 1918, the Opposition leaders protested energetically, M. Stamboulinski being the most emphatic of them all. He reminded the King that his party had protected him against popular fury after the disaster of 1913, and he had the courage to say to Ferdinand: "If you commit the same criminal action again we of the Peasants' Union will not only refuse to suppress revolution against you, but we will make ourselves the spokesmen of the people's severe but righteous verdict against you."

"As a result," says the *Temps,* "M. Stamboulinski spent a great part of the period of the war in prison. Now he is in power, and the time has come for justice to be done. We rely on him to go right to the limit, and in this the Allies will help him. In rooting out the malevolent band, brought up in the Hapsburg school, who have employed the Bulgarian people in work of brigandage he will not be carrying out work of vengeance but will be acting for the safety of his country and consolidated peace."

The *Temps* insists that between the Bulgaria of to-morrow, freed from her past, and Greater Serbia there is no reason for antagonism, and expresses the opinion that M. Stamboulinski seems already to have realised this.

Paper Money and High Prices.

Lord D'Abernon, in the House of Lords, called attention to the influence of currency on the present high prices. He said not only were prices high, but the public did not understand why they were high, and that was the mainspring of the wide dissatisfaction with existing conditions which prevailed. The Government must, by a full public inquiry and full public discussion, get a truer appreciation of the facts and causes of high prices into the minds of the public.

He believed the main contributive cause was the vast increase of the currency in paper money. He urged that the Government should appoint a new committee or Royal Commission to report on the cause of high prices and the influence of currency policy on them. In the light of the information now available steps should also be taken to call an international conference on currency and prices. Six months of appropriate action regarding currency throughout the world would produce a far greater reduction in the cost of living than had been produced during the last three years by the whole of the operations of the Food Control, of the profiteering tribunals, and of all the exhortations to greater production and smaller expenditure.

Socialists and the Elections in Italy.

The Nationalists, up to the very last, with an absolute misconception of the real situation, cherished the illusion of being able to secure the majority in the new Lower House, but suffered a complete defeat; while the Liberals, paying the penalty of their uncertain policy, hardly fared better. The whole of the Liberal press is now full of wails, the middle classes and the *bourgeoisie* being sharply rebuked for having deserted the polls last Sunday. The necessity of turning over a new leaf is being advocated. It may be too late, however.

Out of 508 seats composing the new House, the Socialists have captured 156, as compared with the 40 seats which they had in the old House. The Catholic Popular party, a quite new party, whose platform is one of national economic reconstruction very closely resembling that of the Socialists, enter the new House with 101 representatives. The remainder will be made up of Liberals, Giolittians, and Reformists.

Jews number over 15,000,000.

According to new statistics the Jewish Correspondence Bureau gives the number of Jews in the world at 15,530,000. Of these 3,300,000 are in Poland, 3,300,000 in the Ukraine, 3,100,000 in the United States, and 300,000 in Great Britain.

Dr. Jowett and Fellowship.

I would tear out the fettering, embarrassing, imprisoning, demeaning word "alien," and substitute "brother," no matter if the man were stained with blood.—Rev. Dr. J. H. Jowett.

Explaining his ideal of international brotherhood, outlined in the striking words quoted above, Dr. Jowett said to a *Daily Herald* representative:

"Nothing can be economically right which is morally wrong! The great need is to help Europe now. I have always been an upholder of universal free trade, but we must have deeds, not merely words.

"Only by the practical help that we can give by sending what raw materials we can spare, by generally assisting distressed Europe to restart her industries, and, of course, by raising the blockade where it is still enforced, can we hope to eradicate the bitterness which has prevailed during the war and still endures. Mere words can accomplish nothing; there must be willingness to fraternise expressed in deeds of chivalry.

"I believe that one of the strongholds we must pull down is that of international jealousy and ill-will. Old prejudices die hard, and these are reinforced by the narrower view of patriotism.

"We need a larger recognition of the common life of the nations, which should be developed through practical fellowship.

"I would like to see this expressed through interchange in national school life; through the vital interchange of teachers and university professors, and among leaders in industry, literature, and in religion.

"My experience is that, wherever there is found national prejudice, it has been largely founded on misunderstanding and lack of knowledge and information."

Dr. Jowett, who returned last year from his pastorate in the States, urged that we should not exaggerate the critical attitude of America to the League of Nations.

"I believe that the American people want a real League of Nations, and that in the long run we shall find that her best powers are on the side of a saving fellowship for the preservation and the peace of the world."

Tortured Jews in South Russia.

The following terrible report of pogroms organized by Denikin's Anti-Bolshevik Army is based upon authentic information collected by the United Jewish Communities in South Russia:

In nearly all the places where the Volunteer Army penetrated systematic destruction of Jewish property has taken place and is still going on.

The anti-Jewish excesses show an extremely violent character in the town of Ekaterinoslav where all Jewish houses in four streets were ransacked, hundreds of Jewish women ravished and numerous Jews killed.

Jewish travellers are attacked in the trains; they are plundered, mishandled and killed.

At the Sinelnikov Station, openly, soldiers and officers drag all Jews from the trains to torture and kill them; this is known to the authorities. *On July 15 fifteen Jews were buried, who had all been killed by the soldiers.*

At the beginning of July some Cossack regiments arrived in Lozova. The Jewish inhabitants of this town offered 50,000 roubles, which the commandant at first refused, but afterward accepted; this did not prevent the soldiers from plundering and from acts of violence against the Jewish population.

Lord Hugh Cecil on International Friendship.

"The world is sick to death of war, and there is a large

THE FIELD

The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA.

The Free Religious Association, which, since the Armistice, has been steadily growing in membership and activities, is now preparing for a vigorous forward movement. Its General Secretary, George Grover Mills, has been in the West during the month of December and has found many new groups and individuals who look upon the Free Religious movement as one of the most necessary and promising in this time of grave peril and hope. He held informal conferences at various points in Missouri and Illinois. He spent several days at Abraham Lincoln Centre, the home of UNITY, which is the official organ of the Association and with it in its endeavor to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices. Abraham Lincoln Centre, under Jenkin Lloyd Jones, was the Grand Headquarters of Free Religion in the West, and bids fair to continue that leadership in more varied ways under John Morris Evans, Francis Neilson and Mrs. Edith Lloyd Jones.

The Free Religious Association was organized in 1867 and has had a most remarkable history. It has officers and members in the various states of the Union, in Europe, and in the Orient. The name of Ralph Waldo Emerson heads its list of charter members. It is now emphasizing its threefold objective: Fellowship of the spirit beyond all sectarian and other dividing lines, on the basis of religion related to the vital social, economic and international problems of our time; the maintenance of all dearly won civil and religious liberties and the furtherance of a Religion of Humanity which shall be adequate to and in harmony with the deep strivings of the democratic spirit.

The national office of the Association is at Trinity Court, Boston.

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body of opinion in Central Europe quite ready to listen to the idea of international friendship."

Thus, Lord Hugh Cecil, at the Church House, Westminster, held under the auspices of the British Council of the World's Alliance for Promoting International Friendship.

"I am much more sanguine than many of my friends are of the establishment of the League of Nations and its practical efficiency up to a suitable degree in preventing war," said Lord Hugh, "for the reason that war has become hateful in the minds of everyone—victors as well as vanquished.

"We want something more in order to make the League permanently effective. We must get rid of international hatred, otherwise a quarrel will one day arise appealing to passions too strong to be restrained by any machinery."

The war, by breaking up the strength of custom, habit, and convention, had made the ideal of international friendship much more acceptable than ever before.

The conception of international friendship must be a matter of gradual growth, and we must not be disappointed if at the present time we saw many things inconsistent with it. There was a disposition to keep alive the sentiment of hatred. People enjoyed their hate, and sat down to it as to a good meal or a glass of wine.

Nationality was not the highest thing in the world, and it never could possibly be so for a Christian.

We must be witnesses to the truth that Christianity was international, that we must love all mankind and there could be no possible exceptions.

Profiteering in Notes.

The following amusing instance of the worst kind of profiteering is recorded in *The Nation,* London:

Professor Edwin Cannan lodged a complaint against the Chancellor of the Exchequer before the Oxford Profiteering Committee, which caused such a sensation that the proceedings—though not heard in public—have been reported in several newspapers. Mr. Chamberlain, said Professor Cannan, was making an unreasonable profit on currency notes. A note which cost less than a penny to produce was being sold at £1. Moreover, the notes were being issued in excessive quantities, and this over-issue was extremely pernicious. It was in fact the "cause of the present high and rising prices which are justly deplored by all well-disposed persons." High prices accounted for the passing of the Profiteering Act and for the existence of the Profiteering Tribunal before which the Professor was appearing. To stop the further manufacture of these notes, Dr. Cannan asked the Committee to refer his complaint to the Board of Trade, and to demand of the President (Sir Auckland Geddes) that he should immediately prosecute the Chancellor of the Exchequer, an arch-profiteer, whose gains were on the scale of 23,900 per cent on the £1 notes and of 11,850 per cent on the ten shilling notes. If the Committee found his complaint beyond their jurisdiction he suggested they had better resign. What was the use of trying to mop up a high price here and there, if they were prohibited from trying to cut off a main source of the supply of the paper money which was "devastating the whole of Europe and threatening all civilization?" Then ensued a highly diverting colloquy. The Clerk of the Profiteering Committee asked if the complaint was intended seriously, and doubted whether one pound notes could be said to be sold. Professor Cannan expressed surprise that anyone could conceive it possible that he should joke on so serious a subject as the rise of prices. He left that to the lucky people whose incomes rose with the cost of living. He wanted the Oxford Committee to do something to show the Government that the country was awakening to the facts of the situation. The complaint, we are told, was dismissed; but the publicity accorded it has served the admirable purpose intended by the Professor, who has also proved not for the first time that the academic study of political economy can be turned both to diversion and to practical account.

H. S. N.

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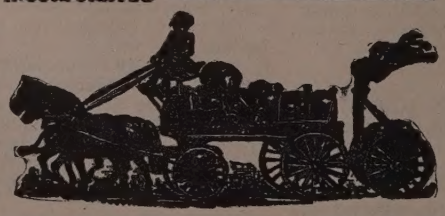
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